

till i drown in your hands

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till i drown in your hands

by [maharlika](#)

Summary

The war in Jotunheim is a difficult one, but Thor's sister seeks to comfort him with a prize.

Loki is a charming slave, eager to please.

If only that was all he was.

Notes

hihi! yes, yet another slavefic from me! i can't help who i am lakjdlkasjd

this fic is complete and will be updated every week or so! i promise not to leave you guys hanging :)

mind the tags please ♥

and thank you so much to a, j and h for the beta and the pasta-throwing

Chapter 1

The battle ended just as the sun rose over the Eastern Mountains. The old maps named them the Lungs of Ymir, and from that direction blew a chilling breeze that made Thor's bones ache in the mornings. And in the afternoons, and the evenings. Jotunheim seemed to freeze every part of him, such that each step was a struggle, each swing of his hammer a monumental task.

He waited for it to freeze his heart as well, but it remained immune: remained a warm, beating thing of muscle and blood that rose in his throat, that made itself known every time his aim struck true. For each Jotun he defeated—*killed*—Thor felt the ice creep in just a little closer, just a little deeper.

His mother used to say he was not meant for war, not a sweet, sunny boy like him.

It seemed almost as if the Norns were laughing at him, though. They made him so *damnably* good at it.

These thoughts wore Thor down as he trudged through camp, his hammer heavy on his belt. He could barely stand to touch her, these days. Just another thing the war had taken from him.

He held in a sigh—it was important to keep up morale as they wandered through the frigid wastelands of this wretched realm—and lifted the flap of his tent.

Hela was waiting for him, lounging in his fur-lined chair by the fire, as if it was her tent, not his.

She was not alone.

“Thor,” Hela greeted, a slow grin stretching over her pale features. Even her blackened lips were cracking in the cold, and her tongue darted out quickly to wet them. “Splendid showing back there, brother. I have a gift for you.”

“Sister,” Thor replied with a nod, studying the “gift.” Only Hela would have dared bring this to him; everyone knew that Thor did not take spoils of war.

Despite the curtain of hair that was snarled across the side of the Jotun's face, Thor could see that he was gagged with a muzzle that seemed too large for his small face. It was the only thing he wore aside from the ropes that kept him lashed to the central pole of his tent with his arms above his head. Whoever had tied his bindings had made them too high on purpose—the poor thing stood on the tips of his toes, the stretch hollowing out the curve beneath his ribs.

“I don't want him,” Thor said, too tired to show proper decorum to the commander of his father's armies, to his future queen.

“Ah,” said Hela. If possible, this only seemed to make her happier, and her smile split even wider, enough that Thor could almost see blood welling from her chapped lips.

The prisoner's breaths sounded like wing-beats, the rapid rise and fall of his thin chest visible from the corner of Thor's vision even as he dared not tear his gaze away from Hela.

“I told you, didn't I?” Hela said, making a show of speaking not to Thor but the Jotun. “My noble brother doesn't want you. But there will be no shortage of men in this camp who want a whore to spend the night with.”

The Jotun didn't seem to understand—he did not react at all to Hela's threat. She stood from her perch and strolled over to the prisoner, then grabbed a fistful of hair from the top of his head and yanked his face upwards in a sharp motion.

Above the muzzle, behind straggled strands of hair, pitiful red eyes shone in the light of the braziers, and Thor could hear the soft, struggling pants of breath that left the Jotun as he tried to stay balanced.

A whimper. That was all it took. Thor's heart had, after all, not hardened itself. Not yet. The ice crept closer each day, but it had not yet reached past the cage of his ribs.

"If I keep him, he will be mine alone," Thor said. "No one else will touch him. Not even you."

"I wouldn't dream of it," Hela said, pleased. "Not my type, in any case."

No, the Jotun was not. He was too lean for Hela's tastes, not enough muscle padding those thin bones. But he was, unfortunately, entirely to Thor's liking.

"Enjoy him, brother," Hela said, standing up. "Or I will give him to someone who will."

Thor grit his teeth, nodding once more as Hela swept past him. He recognized a command when he heard one.

Another breath of cold as Hela left his tent, and then they were alone, Thor and the Jotun prisoner—slave. Thor's slave.

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Thor almost didn't want to untie him. Almost wanted to keep him there, a strung-up little crow, so Thor wouldn't have to deal with him, at least not until he had gotten some sleep.

But he would lose his balance and break a wrist, and it would be more trouble than it was worth. Already, he was flagging, and he was such a small thing for a Jotun. Thor had seen others of his size, of course, and they were just as fierce as their larger kin—the only wounds Thor had suffered so far had been from two different runts.

They had not survived his counter-attacks.

Thor went over to where the Jotun was still squirming weakly, pulling his dagger from his belt as he did so. Those red eyes went wide, and there was that whimper again, the most forlorn noise Thor had ever heard. Ice could not touch his heart, but apparently *that* could.

"I'm going to release you," Thor said, showing the Jotun the dagger. "You will not run. You will obey my every command. You will not leave this tent, or I will return you to my sister and she will make good on her threats. Nod if you understand."

The Jotun did not nod. His red eyes only gazed at Thor in blank confusion. Well, it had been worth a try.

It was easy enough to cut him down, but Thor hadn't expected him to fall forward, his knees buckling and his arms insensate. The Prince of Asgard half-carried and half-dragged his new Jotun slave to the chair by the fire, where he leaned back, panting, his hair in a tangled, sweaty mess all over his face. He was shaking. Going into shock, perhaps?

Thor cursed Hela to Niflheim and back, then pressed on the release button on the side of the

slave's muzzle. It popped open, and Thor placed it on the table.

He heard one raspy gasp, then another, both accompanied by the shudder of the slave's deep blue chest. Not so scrawny now that he wasn't stretched to his limits, Thor thought as he took another good look, closer to the light of the fire. He looked healthy enough, lean, but not skinny. Maybe the Jotun army took good care of their whores, if that was what he was. Though how he had gotten here, into the Aesir camp, Thor had no idea.

He had no interest in asking Hela.

He was not even sure if he wanted to know, in any case, and did not know how to ask.

"*Takk*," the Jotun said, bowing his head until his chin touched his chest, in one of the few words that understood Thor of his language. "*Takk, minn herra*."

Thank you, my lord.

Well, wasn't he polite.

"Thor," Thor said, pointing to himself. "My name is Thor. Yours?" He pointed at the slave.

Those red eyes brightened with recognition. The Jotun pointed at himself and said: "Lo-kee."

"Loki," Thor said. "Your name is Loki?"

"*Minn nafn er Lo-kee*," replied the slave, nodding.

Then, as if that little exercise had tired him out, he leaned back against the chair, heaving for breath.

Shivering, even though it was warm in the tent, and he was Jotun besides.

Thor picked up one of the furs draped on the back of the chair and put it on Loki instead, who blinked at him with his wide, shining eyes, grasped the edges of the fur with his fingers, and tugged it tighter around himself.

"*Takk, minn herra*," he murmured, bowing his head again, "*takk*."

The shivering only seemed to grow more pronounced, though. Thor was torn between comforting the slave himself or finding a healer to see to him.

He reached out and gingerly rubbed his hands along Loki's arms, gentling him like an animal, a pet, not a person. Guilt soured his stomach as he did so. But apparently that worked, and the Jotun sagged into the touch, eyelids fluttering.

"*Minn herra*," Loki mumbled, then raised his face. He was suddenly very near, somehow, and Thor's hands were cooled by his skin.

"*Takk, minn herra*," Loki said again. Slowly, he raised a leg from the ground and placed it on the edge of the chair, thighs spread, the fur pushed aside. Between his legs lay his cock, deep blue and about the length of Thor's palm, and underneath that, Thor knew, was his Jotun cunt.

Then Loki blushed and looked away, his body still bared for Thor. An offering.

Whore or not, he certainly knew how to entice a man.

“Later,” Thor said immediately, his voice rough. He cleared his throat, then tugged the fur tighter around Loki, who frowned and set his foot back on the ground. “I’ll call for a healer to look you over.”

Loki blinked at him. Thor sighed. This would be a long night.

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Neither the Bifrost nor the All-Speech functioned on Jotunheim—the Bifrost disintegrated as soon as it touched Jotun land, apparently due to the spellwork of Jotunheim’s fearsome Crown Prince. They had had to travel to the realm by waygate, and the closest one was still thousands of miles from Utgard.

And because the All-Speech had made learning languages largely a useless endeavor, there were precious few people who could speak the Jotun tongue among Thor’s party. One of them was the healer, Koll, who was old enough to remember the war before this one.

He inspected Loki with clinical efficiency, dabbed his wrists in ointment where they had been chafed by the rope, then declared that all he needed now was a good bath and a good meal.

Loki babbled to him in Jotnar, things Thor could not understand, and Koll nodded seriously, translating as he listened.

“He followed the camp from the Ironwood as—oh, he uses a very derogatory word, sire, but it essentially means—”

“He’s a whore,” Thor said, crossing his arms.

“Yes—and, what did you say it was, boy? Ah, the army left him behind when they went into battle, and none returned.”

Thor winced, but nodded for them to continue.

“He was found wandering the outskirts of the battlefield by a patrol, and your sister, Her Highness, picked him out of a caravan of slaves. He’s got the brand on him, after all, the—show him, boy—”

Koll tapped Loki’s inner wrist, and Loki raised a hand to show Thor the rune inscribed upon it: three concentric circles, each inside the other, struck through with a line.

“Apparently most army followers are branded with it,” Koll said. “It’s not an uncommon practice, especially for those who have chosen the lifestyle.”

Loki was putting up his other hand now, three fingers raised as he babbled on. He then made a circle with the other hand and pushed the three fingers inside it—ah.

“No need to translate,” Thor coughed.

Afterwards, Thor took Koll aside and asked him to prepare a contraceptive tonic, and the man nodded and left without asking any further questions.

That accomplished, all that was left was the meal and the bath.

Thor’s bath was often prepared by his steward, but he suspected that Hela had dismissed Brytja now that Thor had a Jotun slave. The task itself was simple enough: to fill the wooden tub in Thor’s tent with water from the river, then take the rocks from the fire and put them in the water to

heat it.

Loki seemed calmer after the visit from the healer, but he was still naked. Thor couldn't be seen gathering his own water—he was sure Hela would find a way to punish Loki for it—and he felt too vile after the battle to go without a bath.

He rummaged around in his chest for a pair of linen trousers, then handed them to Loki, whose brow furrowed in bemusement to have been handed clothes.

Thor surmised that things usually went the other way.

But if Loki couldn't understand clothes, it would be difficult to explain to him that he needed to get water for Thor's bath. Thor thought for a moment as Loki slowly began to put on the trousers, and went over to his desk to find a fresh piece of parchment and a pen.

He gestured Loki over, watching him stumble slightly over the too-long legs of Thor's trousers. It shouldn't have been as endearing as it was.

Thor brushed that thought aside and directed Loki to look as he sketched out his instructions: a little stick figure Jotun with horns for Loki was carrying a bucket. Thor drew an arrow beside the stick figure, leading to a drawing of a river, represented by waves.

“*Veisa?*” Loki asked. He frowned, then made a cupping gesture with his palms. “*Elfr?*”

Thor sighed. He walked over to the bucket sitting in the corner of the tent beside the tub, and pushed it into Loki's hands. Then he took him by the arm and led him to the entrance flap of the tent, where he pointed in the direction of the river, the path towards it lined with soldiers.

“River,” Thor said. He pointed to the bucket. “Fill it. It will take about ten buckets.” He pointed back at the tub. Then he held up his hand, all fingers raised, to indicate *ten*.

Loki blinked, looking at Thor's raised fingers, then at the bucket in his hands.

“*Minn herra*,” he started, biting his lip. His eyes widened. It was quite effective, paired with the loose trousers that barely clung to his hips.

Thor pushed him out of the tent. “Get to it.”

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Loki got to it.

Thor sat in his chair with his feet propped up next to the fire, trying to put his thoughts into some semblance of order. He was suspicious of Hela, but he truly had nothing to hide. And it was just like her to put someone else's life on the line just to spite Thor.

Loki, for his part, didn't seem to struggle with the bucket as much as Thor had expected. Though, if he thought about it, perhaps whoring for an entire contingent of virile Jotun warriors did require some athletic ability.

Very soon, the tub was filled more than halfway, faster than Brytja usually did it, and Thor was beginning to feel quite content with the way his morning was going. If it had anything to do with the way Loki kept having to pull Thor's trousers up his waist, then that was a thought that belonged only to Thor.

Serving one Aesir had to be better than serving an army, Thor reasoned to himself. And he would be kind. He would treat Loki well.

He was pondering just *how* well he could treat Loki—already drawing up plans in his mind to find him better clothes, to feed him eggs and cheese and milk to put some meat into his bones. Was already thinking of, perhaps, teaching him how to speak Aesir, so Thor might have someone to speak to in the late nights he usually spent alone in his tent.

Then there was a shout outside, the sound of water sloshing to the ground, then a chorus of laughter, and Thor put his head in his hands.

He emerged from his tent to find Loki on his knees, sucking someone's cock. Or, more specifically, someone had Loki's hair fisted in one hand, the other hand roughly holding Loki's face to his crotch. So Loki was not so much sucking as having his throat fucked, with or without his volition.

Thor highly suspected it was the latter.

And the culprit was Erendi, one of Hela's men. Thor resisted the urge to groan.

He did, however, reach his hand out for Mjolnir, who seemed to take a second too long before she finally flew into his palm.

The man already meant to insult him, Thor knew. He was a prince, but Hela's men were loyal only to her, and any punishment that Thor came up with could be countermanded by his sister. In a camp that was populated in parts by Hela's men, Thor's men, and Odin's men, this had caused a not insignificant amount of friction.

And Hela loved friction. If anything, she had probably put Erendi up to this.

He could at least feign respect enough to slow down his thrusts as Thor came closer, though that did not in any way meant that he actually stopped fucking Thor's slave's mouth. If anything, the slow pace was even more obscene, and the sound Erendi's cock slapping against Loki's spit-slick mouth was loud even in the bustle of the army camp.

"Erendi," Thor said, stepping up to the man. There was already a crowd gathering around them. Thor would have to do this quickly.

"Sire," Erendi grinned, then thrust deep into Loki's throat, making him choke, his fingers scrabbling at thick, muscled thighs.

Thor saw that his legs were pressed close together, though, and through the soft, loose linen of Thor's trousers, he could see the outline of Loki's half-hard cock.

It made heat race down Thor's spine, but he ignored it in favor of putting his hammer against Erendi's shoulder, seeing the soldier's body stiffen as Thor leaned in and said, "Take your cock out of my slave's mouth."

Mjolnir started to hum with power, but before anything untoward could happen, Erendi snarled and grabbed Loki by the hair again, pulling him off his cock with his wet noise, and threw him backwards with a rough shove. The slave fell to the ground and coughed into his hands, his thin shoulders shaking with it.

"I was using that," Erendi complained, grimacing as his cock was exposed to the cold air. He jerked his shoulder backwards, eyeing Mjolnir warily.

“He belongs to me,” Thor said, lowering his hammer. He turned to Loki, his lips swollen pink and wet with another man’s cock, his eyes glazed, and another surge of heat overtook him. How *dare* Loki let another man use him. He hadn’t even *fought*, had just opened his mouth and taken him without complaint.

Like a *whore*.

Thor grabbed Loki by the shoulder and forced him to his feet.

The slave whimpered again, the sound of it cutting straight into Thor.

A quick glance down showed Thor that Loki’s cock was not only fully-hard, but the seat of his trousers were also dark with his slick.

“This slave is mine,” Thor said, raising his voice into a menacing lilt. “Anyone who touches him will face me in combat.” There was a murmur that rose up in the crowd. Punishment at a military camp was one thing, but to face the Thunderer himself in the ring—no one would have dared, not even Erendi.

There was no better way Thor could have staked his claim on Loki.

Beside him, Loki swayed on his feet, then quickly went down to his knees.

“*Minn herra*,” Loki whispered. “Takk. *Master*.”

Master, Thor thought, something heavy and hot rising inside him at the sound of it. Of all the Aesir words Loki could speak, of course that had to be one.

“Get into the tent,” Thor said, voice rough. “And don’t ever let anyone touch you again.”

Chapter 2

The water fizzed and bubbled as Thor dropped the fire rocks inside the tub. They would lose their heat quickly, imparting it into the cold river water and warming it up to a passable tepid temperature. A hot bath was too much to hope for in Jotunheim.

“You’re to wash my armor and leathers as well,” Thor said, though Loki only blinked at him. “And I’ll have Koll speak to you about it, since you clearly don’t understand a word I’m saying.”

Loki chirped back something in reply, eyeing Thor shamelessly as he started to strip. The Jotun was still obviously aroused, and Thor didn’t even want to think about it right now. He wanted a bath, and then a good meal, and then, afterwards...well, he didn’t think Loki would be opposed to being bedded.

Struck with another idea, Thor dropped his clothes to the ground and walked over to his desk again. On another sheet of paper, he began to draw a loaf of bread, some meat, and a hunk of cheese. He then also added a pitcher of wine. And then, for good measure, he wrote: Koll, help Loki find food.

“Give that to Koll,” Thor said, handing the paper to Loki, who took it with a bemused expression.

“Kooolllll,” Thor said slowly. “The healer.”

Then he mimed eating something in his hands, and curled his fingers into a loose fist and pretended to drink something.

Loki’s expression lit up. “Koll!” he said. “*Ata ann drekka*, master?”

Master, again. Thor turned back to the tub and began to clamber into it.

“Go,” he said, pointing at the tent flap.

Loki looked towards the entrance, then back at Thor, the paper crumpled in his hands. Then he looked down at his crotch, where his obviously hard cock was still tenting Thor’s trousers, and gave Thor a hopeful look.

“Go, ” Thor repeated, closing his eyes as he sank into the water.

He heard Loki huff, then the sound of the tent flap being parted. A burst of cool air, and Thor was alone in his tent.

The silence seemed louder than it ever had before, which was a ridiculous notion.

Still, Thor cracked open an eye.

Loki was nowhere to be found, and the water was horribly lukewarm.

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Thor was scrubbing the blood of Loki’s kinsmen from his arms when the tent flap opened again, and Loki came bearing food and drink. In one hand, he held a wide tray containing bread and boiled eggs, and some cheese, and in the other, a flagon that was sloshing over with wine.

Thor’s stomach gave a loud rumble. Loki carefully set the food and the drink on the table then

came over beside the tub and pushed down Thor's trousers. They fell to the ground easily.

"What are you *doing*," Thor grouched, but didn't do anything else as Loki clambered into the tub and sank into the water with him. There wasn't a lot of space, so Loki pressed himself right up against Thor. He was cooler than the water, his skin smooth.

"Master," Loki murmured, right up against Thor's ear.

"You're just getting yourself even more filthy," Thor grumbled, though he sighed when Loki wrapped a hand around his cock. His hand was rougher than Thor had expected, not exactly the soft hands of a whore who had spent most of his life on his back. Perhaps there was more to this slave than met the eye—but for now, Thor was only interested in what his eyes could see. And what his skin could feel.

Loki was very, very pretty, and his skin was very available.

"Please?" Loki whispered, giving Thor's cock a gentle, questioning squeeze.

Gods, another Aesir word. Were *master* and *please* the only words Loki knew in Thor's language? Who had taught him? Had he fucked an Aesir before? Had they had Loki like this, in their lap, slippery and shameless?

In response, Thor wrapped a hand around Loki's and began to pump himself. Loki seemed to melt and sink further into him, sighing the most perfectly wanton little sigh.

Thor let him. Thor did more than just let him: he guided Loki's head to rest on his shoulder, stroking his hair.

"Good," Thor murmured, as the palm of Loki's other hand slid over the head of his cock, rubbing just the way Thor liked. Thor hadn't really dallied with whores before—there'd been no lack of bedmates for him back home. "You're doing, ah, well. So good."

But Thor was loath to have relationships with his soldiers, and his soldiers were the only people he could fuck in this barren wasteland.

Until now.

"Master," Loki sighed, beginning to rock in inches, making the water slosh around them.

Thor grunted, lifting a knee and pressing his thigh up, right against where Loki's cock had been poking him this whole time.

"*Oh*," Loki said, and *blushed*, his cheeks flushing purple as his hands stilled on Thor's cock.

Thor raised an eyebrow.

Loki bit his lip and nodded, his hands resuming their ministrations as he squeezed his slim thighs around Thor's leg and began to rut against him.

"Master," Loki sighed again. His eyes were half-closed, his mouth open in a small, pleased smile. "Ah, *master*."

"Fuck," Thor groaned, grabbing Loki's hands again and tightening them around his cock. The roughness of Loki's hands were *perfect*, giving Thor just the right amount of friction as he fucked into his fist.

“Stop,” Thor grit out, before he could come. Loki didn’t stop, seemingly lost in his own pleasure.

“*Stop*,” Thor said again, reaching around to slap Loki’s ass.

The slave moaned, his cock grinding into Thor’s thigh before he froze in place, panting and shivering. Then he opened his eyes and pouted at Thor. So he was a cheeky little thing, beneath the pitiful looks and soft whimpers. Thor was sure that acting was a good skill for a whore to have.

“Out of the tub,” Thor said gruffly. “I don’t want to fuck you in here.”

Loki tilted his head to the side, started to roll his hips again, and Thor almost laughed.

“You haven’t got a thought inside that pretty little head except fucking, have you?” Thor said. He put his hands on either side of the tub and pulled himself out, to Loki’s surprised exclamation.

Thor grit his teeth against the cold and walked over to the fire, picking up a towel and starting to dry himself.

Loki seemed to understand what was going on, though there was a frown on his face as he pulled himself out of the tub.

“There’s another towel in the chest,” Thor said, then winced at himself. Already, he was getting too familiar with Loki, letting him rummage around through his personal effects. They were only clothes—but still.

There was a reason Thor was here, and it wasn’t to fuck pretty Jotun whores. But it had been a *damned* hard six months, and Loki seemed willing. As willing as any whore fearing for his life could be. But there was something else too, something about Loki that made Thor want to sink his teeth into him and bite down, hard.

He thought of Loki on his knees, being forced to take a dirty soldier’s cock and enjoying it. It certainly didn’t hurt for a whore to take pleasure in his work, did it?

“Never mind,” Thor said, and Loki only blinked, uncomprehending.

Thor pointed to the bed.

Loki blinked at him in surprise, but obeyed quickly enough. As he went, he quickly braided his long wet hair and let it hang down his back as he settled into position. Hands and knees flat on the bed, his head bowed.

Thor suppressed a groan at the sight. It had been entirely too long.

He went over to the bed himself, draped his towel over Loki and dried him as best as he could. Then he threw the towel aside, grabbed Loki’s shoulder, and began to roughly arrange him more to his liking, sitting him up on his knees and settling his hands on his thighs. He would fuck Loki from behind, ensuring that Loki knew this was a servicing. That Thor would not fuck him as a lover, but as the whore he was.

Through it all, Loki submitted himself to Thor’s ministrations—though his breast seemed to rise and fall faster in anticipation.

Thor went over to his chest and found the bottle of oil that he kept for his own use. He certainly hadn’t expected to fuck anyone on this campaign, much less an eager, pliable Jotun whore.

He opened the stopper and poured oil into his palm, warming it up as he watched Loki try not to squirm. Then he took himself in hand, letting the wet noises of him stroking himself fill the tent.

Thor knelt on the bed, pumping his cock, staring at Loki's back and the curve of his ass, dimpled by the press of his ankles underneath him. He traced a droplet of water as it curved down Loki's back, then leaned in and set his lips to it, lapping at the spot with his tongue.

Loki gasped, his fingers fluttering, but he didn't move.

Thor sat back, spreading his legs as he leaned against the headboard.

"Loki," he said.

The slave turned slowly, his eyes alighting first upon Thor's face, then quickly flickering to the cock he held in his fist.

"Turn around, keep facing the tent entrance," Thor said, pointing. Loki's brow furrowed, but he turned around as Thor kept pointing.

Then Thor leaned forward and put his hand between Loki's legs, cupping his hot cunt with his oiled hand. He slid two fingers against Loki's slit, where he was wet with slick, making him messier. He watched as the slave's back tightened, his hands coming up to his chest as he began to whimper.

Thor took his hand away and slapped at Loki's hips, grabbing him until he started crawling backwards. Loki spread his legs, straddling Thor's thighs and moaning loudly when his cunt came into contact with the hot, hard press of Thor's cock.

Thor bit his lip and stifled a groan as Loki began to rub against him, his hands clenching on Thor's legs as he shifted forward and began to rut properly against Thor. Thor stilled him with a strong grip to his hip, then tested his openness with two fingers.

They sank easily into Loki's cunt, which was wet with slick and slippery with oil. Loki trembled atop him as he started to fuck his fingers in and out, as if that alone was too much. One hand came up to his mouth, stifling a flow of whimpers.

What a wanton, needy whore, Thor thought. Loki either enjoyed this entirely, or he was a very, very skilled actor.

He leaned forward, hands on Thor's knees, panting as Thor removed his fingers and grasped his cock, pressing the head of it to Loki's flushed cunt.

Loki turned around, mouth agape, his blue skin flushed a gentle purple, like he wanted to see Thor's face while he fucked him.

Thor grabbed his head and turned him around again.

"This is a servicing," Thor said aloud, though of course Loki did not understand. He slapped the slave's ass for good measure, then did it again when Loki made a startled noise of indignation. He grasped Loki's head again and shook it firmly, to make him understand.

In response, Loki lifted himself up, and began to sink down on Thor's cock.

Thor hissed through his teeth, then groaned softly. Loki keened, split open halfway down Thor's cock, his hands shaking where they were pressed against Thor's shin. He lifted himself up, then

bore himself down again, taking Thor in in increments.

Thor leaned back and let him, leaving one hand on Loki to stroke at the furl of his hole, which twitched and sucked invitingly at his finger.

“*M-master*,” Loki gasped, his head lolling to the side. He sank down the last remaining inches of Thor’s cock and heaved in a wet breath, shivering on top of Thor. Then he turned around again, despite Thor’s earlier warning, so Thor could see his glistening eyes, the way his tongue darted out to lick at his swollen, teeth-bitten lips.

A very skilled actor indeed.

“Ride me,” Thor said, relaxing against the headboard and raising his eyebrow at Loki. He punctuated the order with a roll of his hips, and Loki turned back with a hoarse whine. His cunt tightened around Thor in a way that seemed very intentional.

He settled his hands back on Thor’s legs, tucked his own thighs tight around Thor, and began to fuck himself on Thor’s cock.

Thor sighed, running a hand through his hair as he melted into the bed. He pinched and tugged idly at his nipples, watching Loki’s back muscles work. He really was beautiful, with the nape of his neck peeking out from under the swell of the braid slung over his shoulder. With the dusky pink slit of his cunt stretched wide around Thor’s cock.

Loki was surely used to taking Jotun cock, but it didn’t seem as if his cunt had grown any less tight for it. It clung to Thor like a hot, wet sheath, perfectly snug, like it was made for him.

And despite the rough handling, Loki seemed to be eager, still—though Thor didn’t realize just *how* eager until Loki seized up with a cry, startling Thor out of the haze of his arousal.

The spasming of Loki’s cunt around his cock was unmistakable. The slave had *come* .

“You—” Thor gasped as Loki slumped, shaking, his thighs trembling.

Loki cried out as Thor ripped his cock out of his cunt, both of them dripping slick all over the bed.

“*Master, please*,” the Jotun whimpered, then babbled a string of Jotun words as he tried to fuck himself back onto Thor’s cock.

“No,” Thor growled, his blood growing even hotter. His heart pumped loudly in his ears, as if he was in the middle of battle, and without thinking he pushed Loki roughly down into the bed, hauling his lower half up by the thighs.

He took only a moment to admire the picture the slave made—flushed lilac and trembling, mouth open in breathless whimpers, his legs splayed and his ass and cunt displayed for Thor—before he sank back into Loki with a rough thrust.

He took his pleasure without care or consequence, fucking Loki as roughly as he pleased, angry that the slave had come, and angrier at himself that his first thought was that he’d wanted to see Loki’s face in the climax of his pleasure.

Thor shoved Loki’s face into the furs with one large hand and pounded into him until he, too, spilled, growling under his breath in Aesir, filth that he was glad Loki could not understand.

Wet, tight whore, useless for anything but cock. He would never have said it out loud to anyone,

and felt a prickle of shame when the heat of his anger and arousal ebbed away after his climax.

He pulled out of Loki with a low groan, rubbing his face with his hands. He almost wanted to apologize—Loki looked utterly *used*, Thor's come dripping out of his cunt and down his thighs, almost frothing from the force of Thor's fucking.

But then Loki lifted his head from the bed and smiled, looking blissed out and satisfied. He rolled over to his side and met Thor's eyes briefly, flushed and pleased.

He said something in Jotun that Thor could not understand, then pushed himself up on his hands and knees, and began to crawl towards Thor.

Thor only watched, surprised and curious, as Loki lowered his mouth to his cock and began to clean him with his tongue.

He had no idea what to say or do, but Loki did not seem to need anything. He smiled when he was done, a lopsided thing that seemed to speak to how well-fucked he was.

"Master?" he asked, tilting his head.

"Good," Thor said, still a little stunned. "You were very good." He stroked Loki's hair away from his face, then cupped his cheek.

He cleared his throat, somehow abashed. "Let's eat, then," he said.

Chapter 3

These past weeks at the camp, Thor had learned two things about Loki.

The first: he was not squeamish about blood, not even when it was the blood of his kinsmen. Thor had been inexplicably anxious, that first time he'd returned from a battle knowing that Loki was waiting for him. Taken by a fit of shame, he'd almost washed himself in the river first before entering his tent. It was one thing to take a slave when he was willing. It was quite another to take a slave when you had just murdered dozens of his people. But the river had recently frozen over as Jotunheim entered its true winter, and Thor had had to swallow down his guilt. In the end, Loki had said nothing, and had only washed and bathed Thor as if he was covered in mere grime.

Now, every time Thor arrived at his tent, the hot bath was always steaming, waiting for him. Loki was always ready with a babbled greeting—and that was the second thing Thor had learned about his Jotun slave: he liked to talk, to fill in the spaces between Thor's battle-worn silences.

He let Loki's chatter fill it in now as the slave helped him strip his leathers and armor. Thor had never really needed anyone to undress him, but Loki had insisted with small grunts and gestures, and there did not seem to be any harm in it.

The tent flap opened and shut as Loki took Thor's clothes to be washed. That was another thing about the slave that Thor liked. He was efficient. Thor's clothes were always clean when he returned, his extra set of armor polished to a shine every time he needed it.

He had attempted to engage Loki in conversation about his skills—he hadn't been aware that whoring required so much domestic labor. But Loki never seemed to grasp the Aesir language aside from the talk he used in bed—*Master, please*—and Thor's words usually fell on uncomprehending ears.

Still, Thor could admit it to himself: Loki was a good companion. He was affable and submissive and coy. Playful when he wanted to be. He had even learned, quite quickly, how to turn Thor's mood when it was sour—usually by bending over the side of the bed and spreading the lips of his cunt to be fucked.

And was he was brilliant fuck, always eager. Thor was secretly glad of it, of the closeness that Loki gave him, in a way that made Thor believe he was doing it out of his free will.

Besides, Thor was a good master, and Loki seemed happy with him.

He fantasized idly about what he would do with the Jotun when he returned as he sank into the tub of water—Loki had even managed to make it *properly* hot, not just lukewarm, which was a Norns-damned miracle in Thor's eyes.

Maybe he would have the slave get in the tub with him, press them together chest to back and rut into the soft skin of Loki's thighs until he came. Or maybe he would have Loki sit on his cock and enjoy the tight warmth of his cunt as the water cooled around them. Or maybe—

Thor was distracted by a ruckus outside, and groaned softly, rubbing at his temples. The soldiers had been getting on each other's nerves lately, and Thor had had to break up half a dozen fights in the past two days alone. He waited for it to die down, but the shouting and jeering only picked up. Then there was the sound of a sword being unsheathed, and Thor finally put both his hands on the sturdy wooden frame of the tub and hauled himself out, dripping water and breaking out into goose

pimples from the cold.

And where was Loki? Why was he not back with food and drink yet?

Thor dried himself off quickly, tugged on some trousers, grabbed Mjolnir, and stuffed his feet inside a pair of warm boots that had been resting next to the fire. These were clean at least, and even looked polished—really, Loki was a gift.

Thor took that last thought back as soon as he opened the flap of his tent.

--

“That little whore *bit me!*” screamed Herfod, waving his sword around menacingly.

Loki made a distressed noise and shook his head, hiding behind one of Thor’s men, Fandral.

“Herfod,” Fandral said, hand on the hilt of his still-sheathed rapier, “no one, not even a Jotun whore, would dare to put their mouth anywhere near you. And I mean that in the nicest way possible.”

“He’s a curse,” another one of Hela’s men spat. “Ever since he arrived, it’s been cold as Niflheim ___”

“That’s what they call *weather*,” Fandral said blithely.

“And he prances around like a little *argr*, preening himself in the Prince’s tent, licking his boots—”

“Is that why they’re so clean lately?” Thor asked mildly, coming into the middle of the crowd.

“Master!” Loki cried, then left Fandral’s side to run behind Thor. As he came closer, Thor realized there was a dark bruise on his cheek. His mood darkened.

“Who touched you,” Thor asked, flat.

Loki seemed to pale, but before he could speak, Herfod spoke the words for him.

“It was me...sire,” Herfod said, just impudent enough to make Thor’s hackles rise.

“I thought I made it clear that no one was to touch him,” Thor said, casually laying a hand on the head of Mjolnir.

“He wanted to be touched,” Herfod said darkly. “Walking around with his hips swaying like that—and the men can’t hardly be blamed, they haven’t had a cunt since we left Asgard. If I may be so bold—it’s not fair that you keep him all to yourself. Sire.”

“The rest of his people are savages,” Molja spat. “No good for fucking, those giants.”

“Enough,” Thor said. “I don’t care where you find your pleasure, but Loki is mine. And I mean to keep it that way.”

Herfod spat on the ground and Mjolnir’s handle smacked into Thor’s palm.

“Disrespect me one more time,” Thor said.

“Master,” Loki said. “Please.”

Loki's hands alighted on his arms, his back.

"Please," Loki said again.

"Your whore wants you, sire," Herfod said, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Thor bared his teeth, and lightning struck the ground in front of Herfod, leaving it smoking. Thor kept his emotions at bay as the soldier yelled and fell to the ground, scrabbling backwards.

A tense laugh went through the crowd.

"Okay, that's enough, go back to work," Fandral cut in, and the men quickly turned around and took their leave.

"Her Highness isn't going to be pleased about all this," Fandral said, turning to Thor.

"Hela can be as displeased as she likes," Thor said. "She gave him to me."

"And I'm starting to see why," Fandral said pointedly. "Nothing better to sow discontent than a coveted whore."

Thor sighed. "I'll keep him close till this nonsense dies down. Adumla's tits. This war is bad enough without a mutiny on our hands."

"Sounds like the best course of action, my friend," Fandral said. Then, addressing Loki, he bowed with a wide flourish of his arm.

"And I bid you farewell, sweet Loki," he said, eyes sparkling.

"Shove off and wash some pots or something," Thor said, though his friend had begun to lighten his mood.

"As my Prince commands!" Fandral replied, giving Thor a two-fingered salute. "And don't forget—bring something good to drink for the bonfire tonight!"

--

"I'd forgotten it was Midsummer already," Thor said, later on, resting sated and only half-chilled with Loki in his arms. The Jotun's legs were tangled with his, his foot slowly moving up and down Thor's calf, the motion soothing him. "Back home, we would be celebrating with a feast."

He closed his eyes and tried to recall the taste of boar, of mead. "We would pick flowers in the field, and braid them into crowns. My mother—"

Thor swallowed against the familiar ache in his throat when he thought about Frigga. Gods, he missed her.

Loki made a questioning noise and raised himself up on his elbows.

Thor sighed as he stroked Loki's jaw and the slave turned his head and kissed his palm.

"I miss home," Thor said, knowing that Loki could not understand him, and taking some comfort in telling him the truth anyway. "I tire of all the fighting. Surely...there must be a way to come to peace. The Jotnar are strong and this war will go on until I am old. I do not want my children to fight this war."

Loki said nothing, only watched Thor with a half-lidded gaze.

“I should not complain so, I know,” Thor said. “Sometimes I wonder if I’m too tender-hearted for this. But I don’t really have a choice do I? We all have our lots in life.”

Thor was still wet between the legs from Loki’s slick. The Jotun had been wet and eager tonight, even more than he usually was. That was his lot in life. Thor knew he would not have carried it half as gracefully as Loki did.

“But ah,” Thor said. “Tonight, at least, we shall be warm.”

Later on, Thor took Loki to celebrations with him, sat him beside him on a bench as he gathered around the fire with his best men. Loki was malleable as clay, pressed against Thor’s side, swaying to the motions of his body. He sat quietly while the Aesir talked, his red eyes reflecting the fire.

--

In the middle of the night, Thor woke. He wasn’t sure what it was that woke him, only that he had turned, eyes still closed, and realized Loki was not in bed, not by Thor’s side as he always was when they slept.

His eyes flew open as he jolted straight up.

In front of him, Loki was holding a man by the throat.

There was a dagger in the man’s stomach, and Loki was pulling it out.

“What,” Thor croaked.

The slave’s head whirled around.

The man’s body fell to the ground.

“Oh, damn,” Loki said, in crystal clear Aesir. “I swear I can explain.”

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

thanks to the usual suspects for the beta on this!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What the fuck.”

“You know, you should be thanking me,” Loki continued to say, his Aesir accent impeccable. “I just saved your life from that assassin.”

“What the *fuck*,” Thor said again.

“Sent by your sister, I suspect.”

“Who are you?” Thor growled. “Where is Loki?”

The Jotun in front of him could not be Thor’s slave, his sweet Jotun. He *couldn’t*. Some Jotun mages were wily tricksters, shapeshifters—it was entirely possible that—

“Master,” Loki said in a high, simpering voice, finally turning to Thor. His red eyes were wide, filled with tears. “Master, *please*.”

Thor’s heart stopped.

Then Loki grinned, sharp and sudden. “You know, I always considered myself a good actor, but I didn’t realize just how good.”

“You—” Thor held out his hand and Mjolnir flew into his palm with a satisfying slap. Enraged, he swung his hammer at the Jotun, only to find that he could not move. His eyes darted around frantically, his arm still raised, his muscles heaving.

In front of him, Loki held a small knot of fraying rope. It swung ominously back and forth, like an empty noose.

Seidr-weaver, Thor’s panicked mind supplied.

Then, from thin air, Loki pulled out what looked like a distaff, something Thor’s mother used for weaving.

Thor’s eyes widened in horror as Loki placed the sharp end of the distaff to his throat. Though carved as if from wood, the point of it felt cold as steel. Colder, even, in the freezing tent.

“Listen to me, Odinson,” Loki murmured. “I could have killed you any time I wished. It is by my mercy and pleasure that you are still alive.”

Thor tried to grunt. Tried to bare his teeth, twitch his fingers, *anything*, but he was held fast by seidr, frozen and helpless.

Until Loki snapped his knot and Thor stumbled forward, off-balance. He crashed to his knees and

stayed there, breathing hard.

“Why didn’t you,” he rasped.

“Well,” Loki said, “you had such a nice cock.”

Thor’s head jerked up and he glared at the Jotun.

Loki stared back, unflinching.

“Will you kill me now?”

“And give a grief-stricken All-Father another reason to keep this war going? No, I don’t think so. Though, I have to assume that it is Hela’s play.”

“Hela and I might not be on the best terms but she would not have me murdered in my bed.”

“She did.”

“You have already proven yourself to be a liar of the highest order, whoever you are.”

“I suppose we’ll have to do this the old-fashioned way,” Loki said with a put-upon sigh. He kicked the dead body on the ground and said, “Get up.”

When the body didn’t move, Loki picked it up off the ground by the throat and said, “I know exactly where I stabbed you. I know that it hurt, but it didn’t kill you. I can make it hurt more. You know this.”

“N-no,” said the body, suddenly jerking to life.

“Then tell me who sent you,” Loki said, his hand tightening around the man’s throat.

“Prince Thor, please,” the man gasped, legs flailing as he pleaded with Thor. “Please, my Lord, this Jotun is—”

Ice began to form from Loki’s hand, splintering up his wrist, growing between the fingers he had wrapped around the man’s throat.

“I can kill you quickly, or I can kill you slowly,” Loki murmured, making something in Thor’s chest tighten. His head spun—*who was this creature?* Where was the sweet slave that Thor had taken to bed just hours ago?

“Please!” the man pleaded, hands scrabbling ineffectually at Loki’s wrist, “please! It was—it was Her Highness. It was Hela. She sent me—please—!!”

“Stop it!” Thor said, standing up in alarm, “stop, he’s already—”

But Loki did not stop. Ice rapidly climbed up the man’s face, covering his entire head. He shuddered violently in Loki’s hold, like a bird caught in an unforgiving hand. After a seemingly-endless moment, his struggling stopped.

Loki dropped the body as if it were a vile thing, then stepped away.

Thor’s heart was pounding like a racehorse in his chest.

“Why did you kill him,” Thor whispered. “He was no threat to you.”

“Do not pretend to play at pacifism now, Odinson, when hundreds of my kin have died at your hands. You heard the man. He was sent here to kill *you*.”

“Who are you,” Thor said.

“I told you my name,” Loki said. “Many know me as the Crown Prince of Jotunheim.”

“What do you want,” Thor said, forcing the words out as if they were stones in his mouth. He could barely recognize his own voice, dulled by shock. Or was it fear? He had never had cause to be afraid of anyone before, not even his own father.

Loki hummed under his breath. He looked bare and vulnerable, still dressed in Thor’s trousers. They threatened to fall off his hips. Hips Thor had caressed, had grasped, had coveted. Looking at him now gave Thor the strangest sensation, as if he was seeing double.

“Why did you come here?” Thor tried again, when Loki did not answer.

“It was just a bit of fun, really,” Loki said blithely. “I’ve been bored. My father refuses to send me to the war front, so I’ve had to entertain myself.” He looked at Thor. “And then I found you.”

“And what shall you do with me now?” Thor asked.

“I already said I wouldn’t kill you,” Loki said flippantly. “Really, you needn’t look so vexed.”

“So you’ll leave me here? Leave the camp? Go back to fighting on opposite sides? Continue this Norns-damned war—”

“I couldn’t care less about the war,” Loki said.

“Your kinsmen are *dying*—”

“I know,” Loki cut in. “I washed their blood off your body. See, there’s a reason I keep telling my father I wouldn’t make a good king. He won’t quite believe me. We Jotnar like our kings vicious, I suppose.”

“You are completely insane,” Thor said.

“Possibly,” Loki said, shrugging. “Though I don’t think I could leave you here to die. I enjoyed warming your bed.”

“*Completely* insane,” Thor repeated.

“You really are far too soft-hearted for this whole affair, aren’t you?” Loki asked suddenly. He gazed at Thor with a look that was far too knowing. And then Thor’s stomach fell. Of course it was knowing—Loki *knew*.

Every single word Thor had said, Loki had *understood*.

“I’ve decided,” Loki declared, as Thor staggered from the implications. Loki hadn’t just understood Thor’s yearning for home, but everything else—including the filth Thor had spouted while fucking him.

Oh, Norns.

“I’ve decided,” Loki said again, as if Thor was an errant student who needed to pay better attention.

“What,” Thor gritted out, rubbing his hands across his face and hair. Gods, what had he gotten himself into?

“I’m going to help you end this war,” Loki said.

Thor’s heart caught in his throat. He swallowed it down.

“Why? And how do you intend to do it?”

“I’m my father’s first-born,” Loki scoffed. “And because I’ve grown fond of you, Thor Odinson. I’ve grown fond of your heart. And I wish for you to see your home again.”

“This is the most ridiculous thing that has ever happened to me,” Thor said.

“You wouldn’t mind another round before sunrise, would you?” Loki asked, his tone hopeful.

“There is a *dead body* on the ground,” Thor said.

“It was worth a try,” Loki sighed. “We’ll have to find time along the way. Get dressed. We’re going to Utgard. ”

“You know,” Thor said, after a moment, “I think I preferred you as a slave.”

“We can find time for that too,” Loki said, smiling. His eyes turned limpid, his posture melting. “*Master.*”

Despite himself, Thor’s cock twitched.

“What,” Thor sighed, “the fuck.”

--

It was still dark as they made their way out of camp. They had put the assassin’s body back in the bed, and Loki had cast an illusion over it. Thor had almost thrown up to see himself with his eyes wide, unseeing. In death, he seemed so small.

Loki had also taken off the assassin’s clothes—to maintain the ruse. Thor had given up trying to have any control over the situation.

“Let Hela think she’s got you,” Loki said, as they trudged through snow. Well—Thor trudged. Loki seemed to walk right over it, fleet-footed and lithe. “And that I have run. She can blame your death on me, thus fueling the war. Meanwhile, we shall make our way to my father’s council and I shall speak to him.”

“You’re sure this will work?” Thor asked, resisting the urge to turn back and take one more look at the camp. He didn’t know why he trusted Loki, why he was abandoning his own people for this strange, savage man. When Loki was not speaking, Thor could scarcely believe who he was.

Could scarcely believe that this was the same person that had ridden Thor’s cock and begged for more.

(And though Thor was loath to admit it, the idea of Loki—this Loki, this terrible, and cold creature—kneeling for him—it made heat rise in his cheeks, made his heart into a grasping, wanting thing.)

“I’m not sure of anything,” Loki said, in that blithe way of his. Thor recognized it now as similar to

how Loki had babbled away in Jotnar before, as if he didn't care about his words at all. "But I think this will be very interesting."

"Insane," Thor muttered under his breath.

The snow was getting into his boots. They trudged on.

--

"You enjoyed yourself," Thor said suddenly, as the sun began to rise. His feet were drenched and frozen, and he and Loki had been silent for the past hour of walking.

"What?" Loki asked.

"You enjoyed it. When the soldiers—and when I—it wasn't—"

"I enjoyed it," Loki agreed. "There is not a man in the world who can make me do something I don't want to do, Odinson."

Thor nodded, then returned his gaze to his feet.

"Oh, dear," Loki said. "You weren't worrying about my honor, were you? Or rather, yours?"

"As far as I know, you have no honor—"

"That's very rude."

"—and I forfeited mine for this war."

"On and on about the war," Loki sighed.

"My feet are cold," Thor said. "What else is there to talk about in this freezing wasteland?"

"It's not a wasteland," Loki sniffed. "We're coming up on some very beautiful waterfalls in just another hour."

"You're a weaver, are you not?" Thor asked. "Can you not devise some trick to make us go faster?"

"I do not dabble in *tricks*, Odinson," Loki said.

"A spell, then! A—a weaving?"

"You know nothing," Loki sighed. "We are almost there, in any case. You should walk faster."

"Almost where?" Thor asked.

"One of my ways," Loki said. "Through the Yggdrasil."

"Through the Yggdrasil," Thor said faintly. "I thought the Bifrost didn't work on Jotunheim."

"The Bifrost doesn't work on Jotunheim because of me," Loki said. "But there are other ways of travelling."

"You could end this war in a moment," Thor said. "Couldn't you?"

"Perhaps," Loki said.

“But you won’t,” Thor said. “Or haven’t. At least.”

“I don’t dabble in sentiment either,” Loki shrugged.

“Liar,” Thor said. “You like me.”

Loki twirled around, eyes wide.

“I do not like you.”

“You said you were fond of me,” Thor said, feeling unexpectedly smug. “In fact, you’re ending this war, which you’ve never had any inclination of doing, for me.”

Loki said nothing.

“My cock must be very good,” Thor said.

“It is,” Loki replied.

--

“You’re being very quiet,” Thor pointed out as they continued to walk.

“I’m thinking,” Loki said. “I do want to help you, you know.”

“That sounded almost sincere,” Thor said.

“I am capable of sincerity.”

"Are you? After you snuck into my tent, pretended to be a slave, used me—"

"We used each other, don't you think?"

"You love to twist words and twist people's perceptions. I don't know you. I don't know anything about you."

"No," Loki agreed. "But I do know you. I was in your tent while you poured your heart out. I'm hardly the first person to use you."

Thor’s hands clenched into fists, but he said nothing. Loki was right, after all. Thor had been used as a weapon his whole life.

“The difference is,” Loki continued, “I’m willing to be used in turn.”

“Are you?”

“I thought we’d established that I could have killed you any time I wished. I didn’t. See? Sincerity.”

“Why haven’t you, then? Why am I still alive?” Thor asked.

“...you were kind to me,” Loki said, after a moment.

“Oh,” Thor said. Then he grimaced. “Not entirely. I treated you as a slave.”

“You were kind to a slave,” Loki said. “Not many people would be.”

“The bar seems quite low,” Thor said.

“You seem to repel any attempt to praise you,” Loki said. “A strange trait for a prince to have.”

“I don’t suppose you can relate,” Thor said.

“Not at all,” Loki said. “I love being praised.”

“I know,” Thor said.

Loki turned around, and Thor saw that his cheeks were flushed a hint of purple before he turned back.

“Are people usually not kind to you?” Thor asked, then.

“I was raised to kill people,” Loki said. “I’m quite feared, you know.”

“You’re quite formidable,” Thor said. Formidable, terrifying, and willing to bend entirely to Thor’s will.

“Yes,” Loki said, “I am.”

A moment passed.

“Loki,” Thor said, then.

“Hm?” Loki asked.

“Do you truly enjoy it? Submitting?”

The Jotun stopped walking. Thor saw his fists clench, then unclench.

“I’d have thought it was evident,” Loki said, his tone neutral.

“And what you said earlier, about being used in turn. Did you mean it?”

“Yes,” Loki whispered, so softly that the wind almost carried it away. But Thor had heard it. He pressed on.

“Will you submit to me? Before we reach Utgard? I would have you, your submission. As evidence that you will not betray me.”

Loki was almost frozen now, he was so still.

Thor waited.

“There’s a cave a few miles away,” Loki said, eventually. “Closer to the waterfalls.”

“Okay,” Thor said. He licked his chapped lips, then decided, *fuck it*.

He strode over to the Jotun and pressed himself against Loki’s back.

“Slave,” he murmured softly.

Loki gasped, and didn’t try to stab him. Thor took that as a good sign.

Thor reached around, and, before he could stop himself, or allow any sort of rational thought to

form in his mind, slipped a hand underneath Loki's breeches. They were tighter now, not as loose as Thor's trousers, but Loki helpfully tilted his hips until Thor's fingers nudged up against his cunt.

"You're wet," Thor said, half-incredulous and wholly aroused.

"Master," Loki whimpered.

"Use your seidr," Thor said hoarsely, aware that they were out in the open, witnessed by Jotunheim's stern mountains, its never-ending snow. "Fashion a—a plug. For yourself. In your cunt."

Loki gasped again, louder this time, and Thor felt him tremble.

This man, Thor thought, could kill in cold blood and not feel a thing. But he was warm and pliant in Thor's arms.

"Yes, master," Loki whispered, then whimpered again. "Oh, oh, fuck. *Master*."

Thor's eyes widened as he felt a smooth wooden edge press up against his fingers.

"It's in?" he asked.

"Nngh," Loki replied. He quivered again.

Thor leaned in and kissed his nape. "Good pet," he murmured, stroking the folds of Loki's sodden cunt. "Good, good boy. So good for me."

"*Master*," Loki sighed.

"Another one," Thor murmured. "In your ass. Now."

"You—you're not serious," Loki sputtered.

"I'm very serious. Do it."

For a moment, Thor thought Loki would buck. Instead, he swore under his breath. After a moment, he gasped, jerking in Thor's hold.

Thor slipped his hand out of Loki's breeches and pat Loki's ass, then dug his fingers between his cheeks and rubbed at the plug he found there.

"Oh, Gods," Loki gasped, shivering all over. His hands came up to rest against the arms Thor had around him, shaking.

"I would have you crawl the rest of the way, if I could," Thor said. "Collar you, leash you. Drag you like a hound through all this snow."

"Fuck," Loki moaned, then laughed. "I know a planet where we can do that."

Thor pulled out his fingers and stuffed them in Loki's mouth, forcing him to clean them, and almost moaning out loud at the touch of Loki's obedient tongue. Then, with his other hand, he slapped Loki's cunt and marveled at the way the Jotun jerked and melted against him. Completely gone to it, to the fantasy of being Thor's slave.

"When the war ends," Thor promised.

“Oh,” Thor said, as they began to walk again, Loki going carefully, half-limping. “Gag yourself, too.”

“What,” Loki hissed.

Thor crossed his arms.

Loki turned his head. Thor came over and grasped the back of his head by the hair, then smiled as he leaned in.

The gag stretched Loki’s mouth almost cruelly. *He* had chosen that.

“Good,” Thor said.

Then he raised three of his fingers and made a ring with his other hand.

He slipped his fingers into the hole, then thrust them in and out, mimicking the gesture Loki had made when Thor had first met him.

Loki rolled his eyes, then made a rude gesture with his hand.

Thor slapped his ass, and Loki stumbled forward with a muffled whine. With the two plugs inside him, rubbing against each other and fucking him deep, he must have been quite sensitive.

“Keep up,” Thor said, striding forward, enjoying Loki’s heaving breaths.

--

Thor felt the waterfalls before he saw or heard them. The ground rumbled beneath their feet with the strength of it, and in the distance water vapor rose into the air from the force of the rushing water.

When it finally came into sight, Thor couldn’t help the gasp that escaped him. It seemed to come all the way from his feet, that gasp. Drawn from the depths of him by the grandeur before him. Everything in Jotunheim was large, shaped to the scale of frost giants, but he had never realized the magnitude of it until now. Water exploded out of the side of a cliff, pooling into a lake as large as Asgard’s palace. Even from a distance, taking it all in, Thor could barely comprehend it.

“Not a wasteland after all,” Thor said. He could not tear his gaze away, not until Loki stepped up beside him. Thor looked askance at the Jotun, then. Marveling at him and the waterfall both. Jotunheim’s two extremes, alike in majesty.

Loki jerked his head over to the side, where Thor could see the opening of a cave a few meters away.

Thor said, “Clench around them. Hard.”

Loki’s glazed eyes went wide but he obeyed, and Thor saw his knees buckle. He bowed his head and pressed his legs together, letting out the softest whimper.

“Good boy,” Thor said, stepping forward and putting a hand on Loki’s lower back. He was trembling all over. “Lead the way.”

--

The cave was cool and dry, and the first thing Thor did was shuck off his waterlogged boots and

toss them into a corner.

Then he reached over and touched Loki's face, where the straps of the gag dug into his cheek.

He reached back and unclasped the gag, removing it from Loki's mouth. It was a phallic gag, almost like a plug, and Thor almost laughed.

"You really are a glutton for this," he said.

Loki's mouth hung open, drool dripping down the sides of his chin.

"Start a fire," Thor said.

"I'm not *actually* your slave," Loki grumbled, hoarse. But he waved a hand anyway, and a fire crackled to life in a corner of the cave, and Thor sighed as he started to undo his armor.

"No," Thor said, "but you'd like to be, wouldn't you?"

Loki said nothing, but Thor caught the blush in his cheeks as he turned away.

"Do you want me to undress you?" Loki asked.

"Try asking again," Thor said. "A little more subservient this time."

"Bastard," Loki muttered.

"You enjoy it," Thor said. "I'd even go so far as to say you crave it. Don't you, slave?"

It was incredible what that one word seemed to do to Loki. His haughty demeanor melted away entirely, the transformation visible in the lines of his body, the way his shoulders dropped and his proud head bowed.

"May I undress you, master?" Loki asked, voice gone soft. "Please?"

"Undress yourself first," Thor said. He crossed his arms, masking the sudden surge of nervousness that coalesced in his stomach.

And Loki obeyed. Thor was pleased to watch his hands fumble as he unclasped his cape, then drew his tunic over his head. The breeches were the last to go, and Loki hesitated for a moment before he drew them down, bending over and giving Thor a good look at his plugged holes as he tugged the fabric off his feet.

As Loki straightened up, Thor said, "Come. Serve me."

"Yes, master," Loki said, his throat working as he swallowed. His hands twitched, but he clasped them together in front of him as he approached Thor.

Loki was well-practiced in undressing Thor, and usually did the task swiftly, while babbling away in Jotnar. Now, though, he took his time. Laid his hands flat on Thor's armor, rubbing the laces with the pads of his fingers, brushing his hand against Thor's exposed skin.

He looked up at Thor as he finished, laying Thor's armor at the ground by his feet.

"Were you expecting praise for that?" Thor asked, arching an eyebrow.

Loki's mouth fell open slightly. Then he bit his lip and shook his head.

“It is an...an honor to serve you, master,” Loki murmured.

“It is,” Thor said, even as his heart hammered in his chest. *Gods.*

Then he reached between Loki’s legs and felt for the plug in his cunt, drinking in Loki’s surprised whimper as he pressed it in deeper.

“You’re filthy,” Thor murmured, taking hold of the end of the plug with his fingers. It was slippery, dripping with Loki’s slick. “Walking around with this in your cunt, in your ass. You need to be filled always, is that it? Can’t bear being empty?”

Loki made an incoherent noise, his hands coming up to his mouth.

“Yes, master, please,” he begged, bearing down on the plug as Thor started to fuck him with it. “Oh, Gods, please, master, please.”

“Spread my cape on the ground. Then get on your hands and knees,” Thor ordered, delivering a resounding slap against Loki’s cunt.

Loki cried out in shock, and ground his thighs together.

“Y-yes, a-as my master co—commands,” Loki whispered.

“You’re even more submissive when you’re needy,” Thor noted. “I should keep you like this all the time, I think.”

“Fuck,” Loki sighed, sinking down to his knees on top of Thor’s cape. Then he arranged himself on all fours, steadying himself on his elbows, hands flat on the ground as he raised his ass into the air, presenting himself. The plugs in his holes twitched invitingly.

“You know,” Thor said, as Loki trembled before him, “I’d quite like to whip you.”

“Oh, Gods,” Loki blurted out. His head dropped against the cape and his toes curled.

“Would you like that, slave?”

Loki took far longer to reply than Thor had expected. Had he gone too far? Even when Loki had pretended to be Thor’s slave, they had never done anything like this. Loki had been submissive, yes, but not—not *servile*. And as much as Thor enjoyed this—

“Please, master,” Loki whispered, turning his head over his shoulder to look at Thor with wide, wet eyes. “Please—I—*please.*”

Thor held back a curse. He rummaged through his clothes for his belt, which Loki had folded and put away neatly.

He slapped the strap a few times against his hand, testing the feel of it. He saw Loki’s head drop back to the ground, the way his fingers and toes flexed at each thwack against Thor’s palm.

Gods. Thor lowered himself to the ground, tugging Loki’s head towards him.

“Mas—”

Thor kissed Loki, a deep and hungry thing. Loki gasped into his mouth, then kissed back with similar fervor.

“You’ll tell me if it’s too much,” Thor said.

Loki grinned suddenly against his mouth. “Do your worst,” he said.

Thor pushed Loki’s head away a bit too forcefully, but the Jotun was still smiling as he turned his gaze away again.

Thor took up the belt again. “You’ll get as many lashes as I wish. Count each stroke and thank me for it.”

“Yes, master,” Loki said, wiggling in anticipation.

“Spread your legs more. And *clench*.”

“Ah, yes, yes, mmmaster,” Loki moaned. Thor felt himself *flush* as the plugs sank deeper into Loki. He was so wet that Thor could see his folds shining in the faint firelight. The reddened, stretched pucker of his ass twitched needily.

Without warning, Thor cracked the whip against Loki’s ass, watching the flesh shake at the impact.

Loki cried out, his legs kicking out.

“One!” he gasped. “Thank you, master.”

Thor was breathing hard, just from that. Just from seeing the purple blooming under Loki’s blue skin.

He delivered another.

“Two! Ah, fffuck. *Thank you*, master.”

“Filthy,” Thor said. “Look at you, on your hands and knees before your people’s enemy.”

He struck Loki again, watching as that slender body shuddered forward at the force of the blow.

“Three! Oh, oh *gods thankyoumaster*.”

“You must go around spreading your cunt for everyone you see,” Thor said, going hot at the thought of it. “Needy”—*smack*—“whore.”

“F-fffour,” Loki gasped, shaking his head. “Four. Master, th-thank you. Thank you.”

“You shook your head,” Thor said, already breathing hard. “Are you disagreeing with me?” He whipped Loki again. The Jotun cried out, his hands twisting into Thor’s cape as he shook his head again, frantic.

“N-no one h-has *ever*—”

“Count,” Thor ordered.

“Five,” Loki sobbed. “Five, please, more, master.”

“Has no one ever had you like this?” Thor asked, eyebrows rising.

“N-no one,” Loki mumbled. “Only—only you. Master.”

Loki's head dropped against the cape as he took in shuddering breaths.

Only me, Thor thought. *No one has ever had him like this except me*. This ferocious, cold-blooded prince. On the ground for Thor, presenting his ass to be whipped, begging for it.

"Spread your cunt," Thor ordered, then bit his lip to hold in a groan as Loki obeyed.

"Beg for it," Thor said. "Beg for me to whip your needy cunt."

"Please," Loki gasped immediately, his fingers hooking his plugged-up cunt open. "Please, master, please whip my cunt. Please, I need it, I need it, *please*."

Crack!

Loki *screamed*, his fingers slipping as he clasped his legs shut, forehead digging into Thor's cape as he sobbed.

"Six!" he cried. "Six, oh gods, oh gods, th-thank you. Thank you, more, master, *please!*"

"Spread them," Thor said, feeling like he was not even in his body. Like he was watching someone else whip the beautiful, cock-craving creature before him.

They reached ten strikes before Thor dropped the belt and dropped to his knees. He drew the sobbing, insensate Jotun into his arms, feeling Loki's overheated flesh against his own. The Jotun had always been cold before, but now he was hot, trembling and sobbing.

"Master," Loki choked out, turning in his embrace and clinging to him. "Master, master."

"You did so well," Thor whispered. "So good, so good for me. My perfect slave. You were perfect."

Loki continued to sob, weakly flinching as Thor drew him into his lap, the action aggravating the terrible whip marks.

Thor easily drew the wooden plug from Loki's cunt—he was shaking and clenching so hard that it had almost been pushed out completely—then rubbed his cock up against those tortured folds.

Loki cried out as he sank onto Thor's cock, wiggling as he opened up helplessly, so, so wet, dripping with it, sliding down onto his master's hard length no matter what he did.

"Good boy," Thor groaned, as Loki slumped against him, cunt clenching and twitching hot and wet around Thor's cock. With the plug still in his ass, he was tighter than Thor had ever had him.

"You're so good for me."

"Fuck," Loki gasped. "Gods, fuck, you're incredible. Master. Mmm, gods." He rocked forward and back, tucking his head against Thor's neck and shuddering. "I would end a dozen wars for you. Start them too. Just as long as you—as you keep—*nngh*—"

"Keep fucking you?" Thor asked, drawing Loki's face into his hands so he could kiss him again.

"Keep me," Loki said simply, against his mouth.

Thor closed his eyes, reeling.

"For as long as you'll have me," Thor murmured.

Chapter End Notes

thanks for reading! one chapter to go :D

i'm usually on twitter @sendaraven but i'm taking a break till the end of july ;)

Chapter 5

Epilogue

Thor stood up as the room opened. He'd been stuck in Loki's chambers for the better part of a week. All but a prisoner in the palace of Utgard, for all that he'd been treated well. Better than he'd treated Loki, in any case.

Loki had barely been around, too busy negotiating with his father's war council.

But now, as he stepped through the door, Thor's heart rose, unfailing. The Jotun prince was beautiful in his royal attire. A long, green skirt flowed down his slender legs, his upper torso bare but for a golden torque that hung around his neck. He wore a crown, too, one made of unmelting ice. It caught the sun as Loki turned his head towards Thor.

Despite the regal clothes, Loki looked exhausted.

"It is done," he said.

"Done? Truly? The terms have been sent to me father?"

"And he has signed the treaty," Loki said. "Your troops pull out tomorrow. I'll open up the path for the Bifrost."

"And Hela?" Thor asked.

"Stripped of her powers and sent to Midgard," Loki said.

Thor winced. "Ah."

"She likely won't stay there for very long."

"No," Thor agreed. "But for now...all is well, I suppose."

There was a beat. Loki crossed his arms and stared out the window.

"And you'll be going home soon?"

"I should," Thor said. "I miss my—well. You know. You've heard it all before."

"Yes," Loki said, chuckling awkwardly.

There was another beat.

"It would be very irresponsible for me not to return home," Thor said. "Now that Hela is banished...someone must take up the role of heir."

"I could restart the war," Loki said, sounding hopeful.

"After all the effort you put in to end it?" Thor said.

"I did it for you," Loki murmured.

"What was that?" Thor asked.

Loki blushed.

“I ended it for you, Thor,” he sighed. “I meant what I said. About starting wars and ending them. For *you*.”

“Did you mean the rest of it?”

“...”

“Loki.”

“Yes,” Loki bit out.

“How am I to keep you?” Thor asked. “Tell me. Help me.”

“You could—” Loki swallowed. “You could have me swear. To you.”

“Swear?”

“My loyalty,” Loki said. “My fealty. I would pledge to be yours. For—whatever purpose you choose.”

“That’s a lot of power to offer to one man,” Thor said.

Loki sighed shakily. “Yes, it is.”

“Let’s start with something more simple,” Thor said.

“Which is?”

“Fashion a collar,” Thor said.

Loki blinked at him. “What kind?” he asked, voice faint.

“One that you can wear comfortably under that torque,” Thor said.

“Oh,” Loki said. “You would—you want—”

“For as long as you’ll have me,” Thor said. “I told you.”

Loki made a noise, his eyes fluttering shut.

“On your knees, slave,” Thor said.

Loki knelt, his breath picking up as Thor drew closer.

Thor held out a hand. “Collar,” he said.

Loki pressed their hands together, and a collar slithered to life on Thor’s palm.

“Good boy,” Thor said. “My sweet, perfect pet.”

“*Master*,” Loki sighed. As his breath evened out, his clothes disappeared in a shimmer of green light.

“That’s it,” Thor said. He slid the collar around Loki’s neck, and watched as the two ends connected to each other, seamless. “No taking this off.”

“Yes, master,” Loki murmured, eyelids fluttering.

Thor pressed his knuckles against Loki’s lips, and Loki kissed them.

“Feels better than fealty, doesn’t it?” Thor asked.

“Fealty won’t whip my cunt till I’m crying,” Loki replied.

“All right,” Thor laughed. “To bed with you. You need rest.”

“And a whipping?” Loki asked, looking up at Thor.

“If you’re good,” Thor said.

“I’m never good,” Loki said, smiling wryly.

“You will be for me,” Thor said, tugging at the collar. “Won’t you?”

“Yes, master,” Loki sighed, nudging his forehead against Thor’s thigh. “For you.”

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